HINTS TO HOME BUILDERS,

The Advancement of Household Decoration In the Past Decade.

A PICTURE OF HOME CONTENT.

The Growth of Seifishness in Children Encouraged by Mothers-Six Ways of Saving Time and Money in the Kitchen.

A Happy Home.

Mrs. Herry Don.

Thave a very happy home, where peace is Where gentleness and love their fragrance breathe around: Where cladness and content make pleasant every day, While sorrow, sin and care are banished far

Where, when the day is o'er, my darling one To share with those he loves the honest Where happy children are-without them Where truth is gladly learned and just as gladly taught. ge is naught-

Where picty prevails, and faith in Provi dence.
And each to each the choicest gifts presents.
That is a happy home where sadness is un-

Where loving words are said and loving pre-cepts shown.

Household Decorations. San Francisco Chronicle: Before men now young were born, and when men now well advanced in life were young, it was a matter of no small difficulty and expense to make a home beautiful. Pictures were scarce and dear. Wall-was not cheap, and was hideous. Wall-paper work of the sculptor was only for the very rich. In tine houses an occasional oil painting-generelly a family portrait -relieved the dead whiteness of the walls; but as a rule art was represented by colored engravings vilely executed. and the eye was supposed to be suffi ciently soothed when it rested on a collection of Wedgewood ware, on which blue deer browsed under the foliage of blue trees. Before the revolution rich men imported their furniture from England, and the practice continued to prevail for so long afterward that men now living can remember when the first handsome parlor sets were made in New York and Boston. Our fathers loved heavy mahogany sideboards and table and massive chairs in black horsehair. When they had filled their rooms with these and hung above them a steele engraving represent-ing Washington signing the declaration of independence, or a colored lithograph of General Scott on a horse twenty-five hands high bidding defiance to the English at Lundy's Lane, they deemed their duty done so far as art and decoration were concerned. In the house of the poor there was neither room nor means for art. Bare white walls, pine furniture, an occasional cheap print, a stiff sofa, on which one could neither sit nor he, with perhaps a teapot from China or a piece of porcelain from France, and a tall clock which not only marked time but kept strangers awake by its loud ticking-such

small tradesman. Young people who are going to house-keeping this year of grace 1886 are not half grateful enough for the opportunities they enjoy of making their homes beautiful. In no branch of manufacturing has greater progress been made of late years than in cabinetmaking. Furniture is now made so cheap that for a couple of hundred dollars a young couple can furnish a small cottage decently, with some show of comfort; while at the same time, wives can spend on the furnishing of a single parlor more money than it cost John Hancock to outlit the house at Boston which was the wonder of the city. The fortunate partner in a thriving an cover French moquet which cost \$10 a yard and may strew odd corners of his room with Persian rugs which represent a small fortune; but a young couple starting in life may hide their parlor floor with a rag carpet at 50 cents, or, still better, with hina matting costing 30 cents a yard At the great furniture warehouses in this city thousands may be spent on a bedroom set with appropriate additions and ornaments; but a very pretty cottage set, looking cool and fresh, and answering all the purposes of bedroom furniture, can be bought for \$30 or iess. Every purse

were half a century ago the contents of the home of a well-to-de mechanic or

and every taste can be snited. So with the decoration of walls. In the east there are housekeepers who set their faces against papered walls on the ground that they prove a nursery for insect life among this class white walls are tinted, and if the colors are judiciously selected look pretty enough while the paint is fresh. But most people prefer paper and here, again there is the widest possible range in cost, from linerusta and embossed leather to simple patterns, which can be bought as low as 8 cents and 10 cents a roll. A rich man can spend 000 on the walls and frescoed ceilings his drawing-room-in fact, if he goe for high art, it is difficult to set a limit to the sum he can lay out in this way; for \$1 a young housewife can set off her little parlor with a bright, pretty paper on which the eye rests comfortably can buy curtains for her windows at \$2.50 a pair; they will not last very long nor will they long look fresh, but they will answer the purpose for a time.

Mothers and Their Children.

New York Commercial Advertiser There is a tendency on the part of some mothers to do so much for their children that virtually a premium is placed upon The child whose every selfishness. is anticipated, and for whom nothing is too good, is apt to grow up an exceed ingly unpleasant person, unless, indeed be an extraordinary amount of natural good in him to counterbalance undue indulgence. Shielding chil dren from every chiling breath of life' air begets a life of ease and selfish enjoy ment which becomes fixed when child wood is past. A mother, for example and denied herself of every comfort. had risen early, and taken rest late, in order that her daughters might have a "perfectly happy girlhood." No duty was exacted of them. If they minded to help they might to so; if not, there was to one to ease the weary mother of her purden. Small wonder is it that after these girls grew up their sole thought The mother was ignored by them; disrespectfully spoken of as "old fashioned" and "without taste." Indeed, she was only regarded as one who could bake and brew, and was even "ordered" -no other word can be used-to wait upon them while they lolled in ir easy chairs. Never having been taught to spend and be spent in d, these young women were not the good, these young women were not the helpers of those in need, and never car-ried sunshine into darkened homes. even their best friends tired of them, and their lives were unlovely and discon-tented. There can be no happiness in life unless the straight line of duty which leads to "beauty's curve," be conduty. entiously followed. Let every mother nouleate in her children's minds that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The opposite of this unpleasant picture is seen in a family of seven daughters, reared in wealth and luxury. There was There was absolute need of their doing any

ousehold work, as there were "man-ser-

vants and maid-servants" enough to per-form every duty. Although her first de

ire was to make her children happy, the

nother of these girls knew there could e no happiness without work; so each

shild had her special duty and was held

o strict accomplability for its perform-

ance. The mother was the central sun I the missing heir.

around which they all revolved; her slightest wish was the command of an empress, so perfectly was it obeyed. The one thought was "to help to please mother." And the family was devoted to good works. In later years, when the older daughters had grown up, the whirligig of time brought severe reverses so severe that the beautiful home, replete with all that culture and wealth could command, had to be given up and a new home found among strangers. Was a word of repining heard? No: although the new home was small, commonplace and without a trace of those of those com-forts to which the family had been accustomed. But the girls immediately set to work to alter the dead level of disagreeableness and make "the desert blossom as the rose." The united endeavor of their trained and willing bands, under the supervision of the mother, soon made a bower of beauty of the bare habitation. It became a place of refreshment to all who had the privilege of visiting it. These girls bring sunshine into every place, and the desire to help every one with whom they come in contact is as natural to them as it is for them to breathe.

Economy in the Household.

1. After mixing bread at night take up all bits of crusted flour left on the mixing board and sift them into a saucer. Enough flour will be saved to use to flour the beard at the morning mixing, and only a few scraps need be thrown away, instead of the saucerful which the ser-

vants usually waste.
2. When all the bones have been removed from a fowl in preparing it for a pie or for pressing, there is still a little gelatinous and nutritious substance left on them. Put the bones back into the pot with enough water to cover them and boil for a half-hour longer. Enough liq-nor to thicken slightly for gravy for the dinner will be added to that already ob-

tained from the boiling of the fowl.
3. The fine wheat meal which is much used now as a breakfast substitute for the once universal oatmeal makes a very palatable and nutritious pudding. There is usually a little more cooked than is served, and if this is saved from one or two breakfasts it may appear in the form of a pudding. The cold boiled meal is better than the hot, too, to make the pud-ding, as the meal should come to a boil with the milk in which it is baked. Three pints of milk, three eggs, a teacup full of sugar, and a coffee cup full of the cooked meal are the proportions. Flavor to suit the taste and bake half an hour.

4. There is no need of putting eggs into cakes made in layers for cream or jelly, and in the winter, when eggs are not cheap, this is worth remembering. Much less butter than the usual cookbook recipes demand may also be used for this sort of cake. A half cup of butter, a cup of sugar, a cup and a half of sweet milk, and two tablespoons of baking powder (always sifted with the flour), in two cups and a half of flour, are a very useful recipe for a simple oundation for cornstarch cream or for

5. When meat boils dry and burns on, as meat has a way of doing once in a while in the best regulated kitchens, do not turn it out directly into a pan and waste that still good part of the fibre which adheres to the burned and spoiled part. Plunge the pot into a deep pan of cold water as quickly as possible, then take the meat out of the pot with a ladle, a clean cooking towel, a large fork, whichever is at hand. The cold water under the got iron makes the meat steam and break off immediately almost where it is desirable that it snould. And if the pot is well washed, and the meat put back into it in hot water, there will be no burnt flavor record of the catastrophe.

6. Enough bits of meat gristle and bone are thrown away in nearly every meat-eating family to keep the the proverbial French family of fine economies in soup stock all of the time. An American household might not realize the French deliciousness of soup "made out of nothing;" if none of its members were in-structed in the Gallie mysteries of soupingr but it is certain that this stock might are more mealthful, especially for children, than too much butter.

HUNTING A LONG LOST HEIR. The Romance of a Deserter From the

French Navy. Adolphe Balashe and John F. Girard of Cherbourg, France, are searching all the mill localities in Rhode Island the mill Edouard Marie Recamier for one who must be an old man by this time, but who, if found, will have no difficulty in coming into possession of a arge fortune which awaits him in France, is native land. Recamier is believed to have followed from his youth the cailing

of a weaver, and there is evidence that he came to Rhode Island and found employment. Messrs. Balashe and Girard are endeavoring in a legitimate and honorable manner to secure the reward offered for the discovery of the where abouts of the object of their search. They state that during the First Empire and when Mme. Recamier was a noted belle, a near relative of hers and heir to large estates, deserted his family and en tered the navy as a sailor under an as-sumed name. He was but a mere lad at sumed name. He was but a mere lad at the time, and was placed on board of the brig Pommed'Or, which saw considerable service during Napoleon's reign.

Young Recamier was naturally unsuit ed to his position and he was not long in gaining the ill-will of his messmates and of his superior officers as well. Accus-tomed to a life of ease and inxury, he found living on board ship before the mast as a common sailor very disagree-able, and he was often disciplined for dis obeying orders. A young heutenant who had obtained his commission through the intercession of Mme. Recamier, com-plained of him often, and finally succeeded in having him triced up to the breach of a gun, where he was obliged to submit to a flogging. The lieutenant little realized who the young man was, but the latter knew bim. He at once became a sworn enemy of the empire. While his ship was at New Orleans he deserted her, and coming north he fell in with a French girl near Boston, and made her his wife. The girl was an operative in a cottonmill, and she supported her husband. child was born and soon after this event

Recamier deserted them both. When the First Empire was overthrown he returned to France and had the privilege of assisting in the execution of the licutenant who had humiliated him on board ship. While in France he paid court to a lady of rank, a relative, it is said, of Mme Roland, and he concealed his American marriage. The lady's name was Molle. Arnot, and she soon married Recamier, Seven children were born Mr. and Mrs. Recamier died about tifty years ago. Ten years after their death their children, who had come into pos-session of their property, discovered a paper among their effects which disclosed the fact of the first marriage, which, of course, made the second marriage illegal It was learned from the paper that Recamier had made some effort to discover his first wife and her child in order that he might in a measure atone for the wrong which he had done. The heirs by the second marriage agreed to destroy the paper and divide the property among them. The paper was destroyed and for forty years the estates have been in their hands' But the secret could not be kept An inevitable quarrel took place, and one of the parties, now rich from other sources, disclosed the scandal for revenge and offers to give up his portion of the inheritance, knowing that the others will be rained when they are obliged to fol-low his example. A reward of 20,000f, was offered for the discovery of the child by the American marriage, which is Reca-mier's firstborn and heir to his extates Messrs Girard and Balashe are in caraest and will leave no stone unturned to find

HE WAS HUNTED TO DEATH

The Strange Story of Alfred Britt Who Died Recently in a Poorhouse.

DESERTED BY HIS PARENTS

How He Was Pursued to Cleveland Cincinnati and Louisville by an Assassin

Ohio a man with a record so strange that it should be preserved in lustory. He was received under the name of Alfred Britt, and his age was recorded as twenty-He was partially paralyzed, the result of a bullet wound in the back, and although he was an inmate of the house for a year or more, it was not until a few days before his death that he related any facts about himself. Britt was born in Boston, and when

three or four days old was put into a basket with a supply of clothes and \$100 in money and left on the doorstep of a humble mechanic named Alexander Gray. It was one out of a score of cases occurring every year, but instead of the boy being bundled off to the poor house or an asy-lum, he was taken in and adopted. Gray was doubtless decided in his action by the money, which to a man in his circum-stances, and in those days of a dollar aday and store pay at that, seemed a for-tune. However, he had no children of his own, though having been married six or seven years, and the wife gladly fell in with the idea of adopting the little stranger as their own child. The line texture of the clothes and the roll of money were proofs that the baby's father belonged to the wealthy class. The abandonment was also proof that the child was illegitimate, and that the guilty parties were seeking to evade the punishment of their sin, but these facts did not disturb the Grays. The basi et and clothes were laid away, the child was tenderly cared for, and the money was used to better the condition of the family. Only two or three of the neighbors knew of the child being left, and none of them enew all the circumstances.

One day, when the baby had grown to be a child three years old, and could run about, he was playing in the back yard when a man sought to steal him away. The stranger entered by the alley gate, and picked little Alfred up, but a savage dog owned by Gray attacked the man, and made him drop his prey. Mrs. Gray saw it all from the window, and the man's actions convinced her that abduction was his object. A week later, while the boy was in the yard again one afternoon, large stone was hurled at him, and barely missed his head. Some boys saw the miscreant as he crept up the alley to throw the stone, and the po-lice were furnished with a description, but the search for him availed The detective employed in the case was told all about the child, and he came to the conclusion that some one had an object in putting the boy out of the way. Little Alfred was remarkably handsome, and perhaps it was feared his features would betray his relationship to some one. Gray was cautioned to keep him close, and he did so for several weeks. One November evening after lamplight the boy pulled aside the curtain from a window looking out upor the yards of a factory. He had not stood there over two minutes when a shot was fired at him. The bullet cut a lock of hair from his head and was buried in the opposite wall of the room. The new outrage was reported, and the detective found that some one had stood at the corner of a lumber pile about twenty feet from the window to fire the shot. The ground gave evidence that he had been on the watch from that point for several nights.

There was a patient search, but no reward. It was clear now that the life was sought after, and as Gray had had an offer of a good situation in Cleveland, he determined to remove to that city. With the help of a detective he made his preparations very secretly, his goods leaving the house after midnight and the boy being taken to the train dressed as a girl. He reached his new home without adventure and enjoyed a rest of nearly a year before the enemy made another move. One day a man came into the shop where Gray was at work, and made some inquiries of him and ascertained that he was Alexander Gray. Two days after that as Alfred was playing outside the gate the same man who had visited the shop drove up with a horse and buggy and alighted He certainly meant to sieze and off the boy, but his object was defeated by Mrs. Gray, who, with an acquaintance suddenly turned the corner on their way home from a shopping expedition. The ran full upon the stranger as he was ex hibiting a paper of candies to the chil-dren, and he stammered an apology and got into his buggy and drove off. After this episode Gray reasoned that the Boston parties had in some manner traced his whereabouts, and that he was almost helpless to checkmate their mach inations. He subsequently learned that : stranger had made inquiries for him in several cities, thus showing that some trusted agent had been sent out to hunt the whole country over until the family was found. Gray had a brother in Indianapolis, and after some necessary correspondence the boy was shipped

there in the care of a trusted friend. It was a move which baffled the enemy for three long years. For the first three months after Alfred left every expedient was resorted to that the whereabouts o the child might be discovered. tended agents and peddlers called at the house, in hopes to get sight of the child if he was there, and to quiz the mother if they found no traces of him. Gray had a box at the postoffice, and strangers came there and asked for his letters, but could not obtain them. So-called detectives waylaid Gray, and charged that h was under suspicion of having killed the boy in a fit of passion, and that he must produce Alfred or suffer arrest, but they could not scare him into revealing the secret. Some of the neighbors had been offered \$500 reward to tell the boy's whereabouts, but as none of them had been taken into the confidence of the Grays, they could make no headway. Now and then, for a whole year after the boy had left Cleveland, Gray had proof that the enemy were on the alert, but they finally seemed to tire of the useles chase, and for the next two years nothing

occurred to alarm him anew. When Alfred was seven years old he was so handsome in feature and bright of intellect that he was often pointed out on the street, and on three or four occasions his wonderful resemblance prominent citizen of Boston was remarked by New Englanders, Mrs. Gray mourned so much for him that Gray decided to move to Cincinnati, where he hoped to have Alfred with him. He made a se-cret move again, got the boy from In-dianapolis, and had scarcely got seated in his new home when the evemy appeared, having probably tracked every step in spite of his precautions Alfred was run over on a crosswalk by a horse and buggy as he was coming from school. The children who were with him declared that the men must have done it on purpose, and that he drove rapidly away after the accident. It was generally set down as a piece of careless-ness, but Gray fully and firmly believed that it was a new move on the part of the enemy. The horse and vehicle were so well described that he found the owner, but all he could learn was that had hired the outlit for a stranger couple of hours and returned it in good order. The boy had an arm broken

and was severely bruised, and was out again in a few weeks. That was the last attempt on his life until he was twelve years old. A stranger then struck at him over the gate one evening with an iron bolt, but the boy dodged the blow. Soon after that episode Mr. Gray-died, and the widow and the boy went to Louisville to reside with one of new brothers. Here Alfred remained until he was eighteen, without another attempt upon his life Mrs. Gray died, and one of the local papers, in making notice of the fact foundling, and narrated some of the tempts upon his life. A month had not passed before he was shot at through his There lately died in a county house in chamber window. The would-be mur-derer could see the young man's shadow on the curtain, but his builet failed to

reach the target aimed at It so hap pened that a policeman was at hand, and arrested the man who fired the shot, but he alleged that it was an accident, and was not held. He was an entire stranger to Louisville, but explained his presence by asserting that he was selling county rights for a patent churn, and by exhibiting a model. Alfred had been told of all that had passed before, and soon after this attempt and unbeknown to any of his friends, secretly left Louisville and went to Missouri and Kansas, where he remained until about a year ago. He was then

twenty-five years of age, and as he had not been pursued for seven years he deemed it safe to return. He had not maintained correspondence with his friends, and he returned to Louisville to find them gone and their whereabouts unknown. The relative at Indianapolis had removed to Colorado and could not be definitely located. Britt was on his way to Columbus, O., and was stand-ing on the platform of a passen-ger car while the train was just leaving a station between Dayton and Xenia, when he was shot in the back by some unknown and unseen per-son. It was just at dark, and he fell in a heap and was unconscious for a quarter of an hour Whether he was shot by passenger, some one who leaped off, by some one standing beside the track, could not be told. It was looked upon as an accident by all except Britt. He was sent to a hospital, cared for as long as his money lasted, and then went to the poorhouse, of his own accord. When told that he might live a few months, but could never get well, he expressed his thankfulness that such was the case When his last days were at hand he told his story, and added that death would be a relief. He had been haunted and hunted down until he felt that the grave

SURPRISING THE ENGLISHMAN. Banker Ralston's Hospitable Efforts to Make the Young Fellow's Visit Pleasant.

alone would bring him immunity.

San Francisco Post: In the Ralston lays, when Belmont was in its glory, and its profuse hospitality was the talk of the country, a young Englishman of title called upon the banker with letters of introduction from the American minister in London, an old friend of Ralston. Of

ourse, he was invited to Belmont. "Rather a fine place, you know." emarked to Ralston, ask his host toted him down to Belmont; "but some of our fellows who were out here have told the most outrageous stories, you know, about California—your bears and hamense regattas, and all that sort of think-so have determined to keep my eyes open. I imagine, you know, that they have been hoaxed. By gad, Mr. Raiston, I have been all over the world, and it would take a pretty wide-awake fellow to hoax me, don't you know?"

During this conversation Mr. Ralston registered a mental oath that if money or influences could produce that wide wake fellow, he would be forthcoming before the termination of this nobleman visit. At Belmont were assembled a few choice spirits. Leaving his guest in charge of one of them, Reston at once called a council ofwar

"This Englishman | must be fooled," he and give him something to talk about when he returns to the London clubs." The private wire was busy that evening, and a close carriage was sent to meet the next train. No expense was spared to make the Britisher's stay in every sense delightful.

When Ralston and his guests sauntered into the dining room the Englishman opened his eyes and stared in bewildered astonishment at the table service. well he might. The bottles were of that colossal size, nolding half gallons, which the beer and wine men used for advertis ing purposes.
"Now, by Jove, you Californians must be a thirsty lot," said the Englishman.

I never saw such bottles in my life. "Oh, nonsense," said Ralston; "don't you have that size in England? They used have them when I lived there, many

vearsago. That size! great heavens, no." "Well, here goes, anyhow. Peter, some champagne;" and the butler, with impassive face, opened a half gallon bottle of fizz, the cork going off like the explosion of a rifle. As the dinner progressed, the guests plied the Britisher with the most marvolous tales of the lawlessness of the country; the bears, lions and antelopes that roamed the neighboring hills, and everything, in fine, that the most fantas tic imagination could invent. It was ar ranged to have the house attacked that night by outlaws, but they feared the lord might get suspicious, so that scheme was abandoned. A deer hunt was de-cided upon for the next morning, and a

ishing party for the afternoon. The party were out before daybreak and the lord was stationed near a milk ranch, and instructed not to stir one of the hunters came to fetch him. When he was properly planted the others returned to the house, for the hunting grounds were not a mile away, and amused themselves until noon with lay ing new plans for the delectation of their Meanwhile, though the poor foreigner did not see a deer, he heard shots about him at intervals, and when he was informed that the run was over and that there would be no more shoot ing that day, he was taken back to the

"I am awfully sorry you did not have better luck," said Ralston when the disgusted Britisher appeared. "Our fellows did fairly, you see," and he pointed to the carcasses of half a dozen deer lying on the piazza, which had arrived from the market by the morning train. "Didn't you really get a shot? Confess, now, you blazed away at a stag or two

"Stag! I assure you my dear fellow, I didn't see a single beast," protested the mortified nobleman.

Well, never mind, never mind," said his host; "we'll see how the fishing pans The fishing took place in a pond near the house. But while every one else pulled out trout, salmon, and even rock cod, not a fish came near the English man's hook, though he angled with the most industrious persistence. Of the San Francisco fish market had been gutted to permit the supply, and so cleverly were the fish attached to the books and hauled into the boats with shouts and splashings that his lordship had not the faintest idea that he was being most unmercifully hoaxed. rock cod staggered him a little, but Ralston explained this by the statement that the lake was connected with the ocean by a subterranean stream. When fantastical hoax had been hausted, Ralston accompanied his victim to the city and saw him homeward bound.

"By jove, Mr. Ralston, you have a wonderful country," said the Britisher, as he bade his host good by. "I tell you it will open the eyes of those fellows at home when I give them a history of this Hi.

HIRAM WESTON'S DOUBLE.

A Story as Singular as That of Shakespeare's Iwo D.omios.

The Striking Similarity of Two Mon-An Unsolved Mystery Connected With One of Them.

It has often been said that somewhere in this world every person has his double. The assertion is too broad for acceptance, but it is certain that there are doubles. and that the close similarity between people has led to many grave complicacons. It is not yet ten years ago that a man named Hiram Weston, living in a small town in Ontario, was hired by a tinsmith to drive a peddler's wagon. He made two trips and started on a third, but after he had been gone two days the outlit was returned by a farmer, who said that it had been left in his barnyard at night. As Weston was missing, search was at once begun, and it was finally shown that he had been seen in company with two strangers at a railway station, where all had taken the train for Buffalo As the tinsmith had lost nothing he did not care to follow the case up. It was not care to follow the case up. It was pretty generally known that Weston and his wife did not live agreeably, and although she insisted that he had met with foul play, and wanted the search continued, it was soon dropped on the idea that he had run away from her. He was little missed by the community and when the case was called up it was universally conceded that he would turn

up safe when he got ready.
One day, five months after his disappearance, Weston returned. He was first seen at the depot by three or four citizens who had known him for ten rears. One of these, a Mr. Williams, saluted him with: "Well, Hi, you aren't dead?"

"Oh, no.

"Come back to stay?" "I guess so."
"Which way have you been?"

"Out west. "I was talking with your wife yesterday, and she said you had never written a

word to her.' Weston grinned and scratched his ead, but made no reply. A Mr. De Mann then said:

"We spent four weeks looking for a case of murder. Next time you are going to step out you'd better let some of us "Yes, I will," answered Weston, as he

res, I will, answered Weston, as he started up the street. It was afterward remembered that he acted like a strange man in a strange place. He inquired of a boy about hotels, and the lad directed him to one, and added:

"I saw your boy Fred yesterday, and he has got an awful boil on his leg." The landlord of the hotel saluted him as Hi Weston; as did some of the guest's, and the fact of his engaging board was not considered strange, though his wife lived only a mile away. Perhaps he didn't intend to go back to her at all, or perhaps he wanted to get certain promises before he did go back. He entered the town at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was 8 in the evening when his son, Fred, a boy of 10, and his daughter, Edith, a girl of 7, called at the hotel to urge him to come home. They kissed him, called him father, and he seemed glad to see them. In the presence of the landlord he asked some questions about their mother which seemed very strange at the time, but were at once forgotten He asked her age, how many children she had, how long the father had been gone, and what vocation he followed when at home. He did not ask these questions direct, but yet in such a manner that satisfactory answers were returned. and in such a way as to cause the land

lord to remark:
"Why, Hi, one would think you had forgotten your family and had lost your-

"Yes," he replied, as he rose up to go go with the children, "but I've been gone quite a spell, you know." Mrs. Weston was neither a smart nor an educated woman, and had the reputa-tion of having a bitter tongue. Several

people followed Hiram home to see the fun, but there was none. The wife met and kissed him at the door and had no reproaches. After two or three days he went to work digging a well for a citizen and for the next six months he labored very steadily-so much so that it was generally remarked that Hiram Weston had changed his tune. He seemed to live very happily with his family, and his wife's father, mother, and brothers were often at the house to speak his praise. At the end of about six months a very curious thing occurred. Hiram Weston started off one day with his dinner pail, having been hired to repair a fence for suburban farmer. At 10 o'clock that morning Hiram Weston also came in on the train from Buffalo, and the first thing when he got off the cars he asked after his family

Why, I saw you home last evening, replied the citizen who had been questioned. "But I have not been nearer home than

this for over eleven months!" He was laughed at. He went straight to his house, and as he entered it his wife

"What's the matter; and where is your dinner pail?"

Now, scoff if you will, but it is a matter of record and also of newspaper publication that there were two Hiram Westons That is, there were two men so exactly alike in build, height, and general appearance that even wife and children were deceived. For a time Mrs. Weston believed the newcomer to be the other Hiram returned from his work, but he told her a story which opened her eyes He had gone off with a couple of sharp ers, and in return tor some "work" done in Buffalo he had been sent to state prison for a year. He was in prison when the other Weston came to town, and had indeed been discharged only the day pre vious to his own arrival It may be stated here that all his allegations were found to be true. He was identified by the prison officials, and there was his descriptions on the books. The detective who arrested him and the judge who sen tenced him further identified him.

Who, then, was the other Hiram Wes Although he left the house his dinner pail to go to work he del not show up at the place, and has not since been heard from. When people came to see and talk with the true Weston, many peculiarities were remembered. He used more oaths than the other; he had a habit of spitting as he talked; his voice was somewhat gruffer: he never stood for 'wo minute: without hitching up his trousers. sailor fashion; he acknowledged some small debts, which the other totally repudiated. The children had no explana-tions to offer, as the true father had never exhibited any affection for them. stranger has been more kind, and no suspicion of his identity had been born The wife was covered with confusion, but she offered in explanation the fact that Weston had been absent five months She had noticed many changes, but all for the better. The stranger was not a talkative man, while her husband was but she got over this by thinking he had met with trouble while away. She used sometimes to be startled for a moment She used as she looked at him, or as he propounded some question which would have been asked by a stranger, but as for denying that he was her husband, she had never thought of it. One day, after her father's family had been to the house, her mother

"Lucy, there is something queer about Hi. He's either got some trouble on his the Danube? How many we mind or else he's going insane. Didn't reache d'ils Telle I elere!"



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you hear him ask when our barn burned, as if both of you were not sleeping in our house that night and he did not discover the blaze first?

Who was the second Hiram Weston, or the man who assumed the name. The real one was a foundling from New York city. It was not improbable that he had a twin brother, and that the stranger was the one. It was possible, too, that the stranger was not related to him, though his double. Why he went away as he did was a further mystery, for he could not have foreseen that anything was going to happen. But for the evidence in black and white, people would have believed him a ghost. The writer has no further theories to ofter. He has known Hiram Weston and family ever since the strange happenings, and visited them at the depot in St. Thomas less than a month ago. The particulars herein given, strange as they may read, were gathered from their own lips, and who can imagine they would invent such a story? I have sim ply suppressed the right name, as Weston s now a resident of another locality, and in a place to make gossip an unpleasant thing.

How Skobele ff Swem the Danube. The versatile Russian painter Vereschagin, in his entertaining sketches of adventure during the Russo Turkish war of 1877, published in a serial form in the Journal des Debats of Paris, gives a pleasant account of one of the many dare-devil episodes of adventure in the career of the younger General Skobeleff. This was the swimming of the Danube on horseback. Let M. Vereschagin be his own narrator:
"I was seated in my tent late one after-

noon, when I observed several Ossetes passing at a gallop. Inquiring what this meant, I was told that the younger General Skobeleff had proposed to Toulou-mine that he should try to swim the Danube with his whole brigade. The gen eral alleged that it was eminently neces sary to have cavalry on the other side of the stream, and that it was impossible to wait until the pontoon bridge was constructed to get the men over there. And inasmuch as Touloumine and Levis had frankly declined to make the at tempt, for the excellent reason that the entire brigade would most likely be drowned, the Danube being at the posed point more than four kilometres wide, Skobeleff had begged them to seare up a few volunteers, and to send them to him. The Ossetes whom I had

seen passing were the volunteers in que ¿ "I had my horse saddled and galloped of in the direction of the river. Presently I found assembled on a bank nearly

all the officers of the brigade.
"A little in advance of the groups elder Skobeleff stood between Levis and Touloumine, wat shing his son, stripped to his shirt and trousers, with his cross of commander of the Order of St. George around his neck. Michael Dmitrievitch Skobeleff leaped on horseback, and orged the huge brownish bay steed into the stream. At first the animal resisted, shook his ears, neighed, then bravely struck out swimming. For a short time Skobeleff remained in the saddle, because we could see his shoulders above the water, but soon we saw nothing but his I learned afterwards that in order not to fatigue his horse he had stepped into the river, and keeping hold of the animal's tail, swam along beside him. The father began to tremble for him and to cry after him in his nasal tones:
"Micha, my little Michael, come back!

Micha, Mi-i-cha, you will be drowned! 'The old man's anxiety was pitiful to

"But little Michael continued to swim without looking back, making steady progress. A few Ossetes had thrown themselves into the stream, following the general, and one of them, swimming out a long distance, would certainly have been drowned and his horse with him, if a boat had not been sent to his relief.

"As for myself, as soon as I arrived on the shore, my first movement was to undress. In less than two minutes I was in the water with my horse. The creature swam a few moments, then turned around and made for the shore, is suite of all the blows I could bestow on his back. The commandant of the second back. The commandant of the squadron, Astakhy, had no better lack than I did. Skobeleff was no longer anything black dot a long way off. To thing but a black dot a long way off. ease our consciences, we started after him in a boat, drawing horses after us by the bridles, and we made our way towards a small island. It was only after reaching this point and gazing at the enormous distance which had to be crossed before reaching the Turkish shore, that I understood how wisely my horse had acted in disobeying me. There was not the shadow of a doubt that I should have been drowned. But how it happened that, not knowing how to swim, I had thrown myself into the water behind the general? I only know that when I saw Skobeleff go in, said, drown rather than abandon him' The elder Skobeleff remained motionless

on the bank, following the little blace Later on, we learned that General Michael, after narrowly escaping death by drowning a hundred times had reached the opposite bank. And Skobeleff was a prince of swimmer with the street of the street on the fence; I'd rather stand up." leff was a prince of swimmers with a matchless horse. Think what would have become of the brigads if Tonlou-mine, accepting Skobeleff's proposition.

A Thrifty Farmer who Speculates in Soldiers' Skulls and Relics.

THE FIELD OF FAIR OAKS.

The condition of the battle ground of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks is a disgrace to the citizens of Virginia and the nation at large, says a Richmond (Va.) correspondent of the Philadelphia News. Bones of those who died in that bloody conflict are scattered thickly on the sur-face of the ground, and if the facts were told many of the scones which stand in the national cemetery of Seven Pines, within a quarter of a mile of where many men who were the blue and grey fell,

mark almost empty graves.

It would be hard for any one who had not gone over the ground of one of the hottest battles ever fought to believe that twenty four years afterward the bones of the slain lie half hidden by leaves and brush by the score, and yet such is the case. The theater of the great but undecisive struggle at Seven Pines has been turned a place where a few men can reap financial profit by guiding visitors to the spot where skulls protrade from the ground and where all that remains of of many brave lads who are numbered among the missing, he. It is difficult to escape the guides, but it pays the visitor to make his own way over the field of battle. He does not follow the beaten path in which those who gain money by exhibiting the bones of the boys who died amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry take their victims, and he gains for himself positive information of

the actual condition of things.

A Sunday News correspondent, in company with W. H. Barrett and Michael Fogarty, of Philadelphia, and M. C. Thorton, of Wisconsin, slipped away from these guides and were horrified at what they found. Under the leaves and twigs, and amid the thick brush of oak and pines which had sprung up during the last twenty years, the bones of many brave men were found. They had answered to the order to charge the batteries which stood on the other side of the plowed field, and laid down their lives ere the outer intrenchment was As night fell on the 30th day of May, 1862, many of the boys failed to answer the roll-call and were placed among the missing. It was a partly cultivated field then. Now pines twenty feet in height cover the bloody ground and even stand on the on the breastworks from behind which the rebel cannon belched forth death, and where the marks of the wheels of the artillery are still visible. The bones of many of the fallen still he there, although the flag which flies from the staff in the Seven Pines cemetery is within sight. Whether those bones were clothed in the blue or the gray is unknown, but many men are ready to testify that whoever was intrusted with the duty of collecting those bones has failed in his trust. The reason for the faiure is manifest.

The fact that the bones still lie there attracts many people to the field of carnage, and every one that falls into the clutches of the guides must pay hi toll. A party of twenty one, which in-cluded several men from Philadelphia and vicinity, had to pay \$5.25 for walking behind a guide for an hour. This same guide owns 700 acres of the land upon which the battle was fought. He began by purchasing one acre, for which paid \$3. The same price was paid for the remainder of the ground, has bought, and every cent of the money was extorted from northern visitors to the battle field. He was ordered by the government to pick up all the bones, disinter the buried soldiers and see that they were removed to the cemetery just across the road. Instead of doing so be has placed skulls, and other bones of the dead in various places, and guides the visitors by beaten paths to these spots. He never takes them through the thicket. Another dodge of this man Lynne is to find a battered musket ball on the ground and sell it to the visitor for 50 cents if he can, and for 10 cents if he can get no The balls are dropped when the visitor is not looking and picked up by him when he is looking. It bothers the man, however, when the party he is guiding is large, and when he propped the ball last Sunday afternoon the action was seen, and rolle-selling for that day was at a very low obb.

An Accident.

Rambler: "What's the matter, John-ne?" asked a small boy, as Johnnie emerged from the house crying. Frightful accident!" replied Johnnia

'No! What was it?" "Well, yoo see, I was talking to mother, and I got mad and sacsed her-"

"And 'hen she started for me." "And I ran all over the house, and

down into the yard and round that; and then into the wood-shed, you know-" "Yes, go on" "Well, I was runnin' under full steam, you see."

"Yes, yes; of course,"
"And I ran into an open switch. The

For winter occurr, or the little with pocular scaly and pumpsy itching with pocular scaly and pimpsy itching with the clotheruption on the skin beneath the clothing, mix some flour of sulphur with Dr. had launched his squadrons forth into the Danuber How many would have J. H. McLean's Volcanie Oil Lin ment and bathe the skin, and you will lind. prompt relief, and sure cure.